

White-hall;
OR, THE
COURT
OF
ENGLAND:
A
POEM.

By *Mr. Charles Hopkins.*

DUBLIN:

Printed by *Andrew Crook*, Printer to the King's
Most Excellent Majesty, for *William Norman* in *Dames-*
Street, Stationer and Book-binder to His Grace, *James*
late Duke of *Ormonde*, M. DC. XCVIII.

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
IN MEMORY OF
LIONEL DE JERSEY HARVARD
CLASS OF 1915

Feb. 26, 1926

POEM

B. M. Charles Hooper

D. O. B. L. H.

THE HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
210 South Street
Cambridge, Mass.
U.S.A.

82
1476



To Her Grace
THE
DUTCHESS
OF
ORMONDE.

Madam,

THAT Your Grace has been pleased
to speak favourably of what I have
already Writ, is Encouragement suf-
ficient for a Poet to Boast of to the World,
and to Embolden him to Dedicate to Your
Grace. But I have more particular, both Ob-
ligations and Excuses, Your Illustrious Consorts
Family

The Dedication

Family being the constant Patrons of ours; which being now depressed by the late Wars, and the chief Pillar of it fallen, must depend for Support on the first Founders.

Thus the Thanks for past Favours, are only Petitions for more, as Men pay off old Debts in hopes to run deeper in for new. I dare not hope the ensuing Essay can merit Your Graces approbation, let it (if possible) please others, if it meets with Your Pardon, it will better satisfy the Ambition, of

Your Graces

Most devoted most

Humble Servant,

Charles Hopkins.

White-hall,

White-hall ;
OR, THE
Court of England :
A
P O E M.

Above that Bridge, which lofty Turrets Crown,
Joyning two Cities ; of it self a Town,
As far as fair *Augusta's* Buildings reach,
Bent like a Bow, along a peaceful beach.
Her gilded Spires the Royal Palace show,
Towering to Clouds, and fix'd in Floods below.
Her Silver *Thames* washes her sacred sides,
And pays her Prince her Tributary Tides :
Thither all Nations of the Earth resort,
Not only *England's* now, but *Europe's* Court.
Blest in the Warriors, which it's Walls contain,
Blest most in *William's* Residence and Reign.
Where in his Royal Robes and Regal State,
He meditates and dictates *Europe's* fate.

His

White-hall ; or,

His Heroes, and His Nobles standing round,
 Better by them, than His Gold Circle, Crown'd.
 O! could I represent that glorious show,
 You whose great Deeds form Poets, tell me how.
 But least my Muse (which much I fear) should faint,
 What *Dryden* will not Write, let *Dawly* Paint.
 Haste then, and spread abroad thy Canvass sheet,
 Wide as the full blown Sails, that wing our Fleet :
 Paint *William* first, on an Imperial Throne,
 Large share of Earth, and all the Seas His own.
 O're Land and Ocean, let His Realms extend,
 And like His Fame, His Empire never end.
 Give Him that look, which Monarchs ought to have :
 Give Him that awful look which Nature gave.
 Make His great Spirit sparkle in His Eyes,
 And in each glance the Royal Genius rise.
 Mix Majesty with Mildness, while he shows
 Dear to His Friends, and dreadful to His Foes.
 Seat him furrounded by the British Peers,
 And let them seem His strength, as He is theirs.
 No Poet here dare's sing the noble Tribe,
 Which you can draw, better then he describe :
 You can plant each in his peculiar place,
 Give each the noblest Features in their Face ;
 Each have their Charms, and all some certain Grace.

Let *England's* Chancellor the foremost stand,
 That is his due, whose Laws support the Land.
 Give the good *Shrewsbury* the second Seat,
 In Trust, in Secrecy and Council great.

Great as the best, will the great *ORMONDE* seem,
 But in the Field thou must delineate him :
 Born with auspicious Stars, and happy Fate,
 But more in Merit than in Fortune great.

On

The Court of England.

3

On higher things he bends his nobler aim,
And in fierce Wars, has fought and purchas'd Fame.

Here could my grateful willing Muse have sung,
Sweet as *Cham* flows, where first her Harp was strung.
Here *Summerfet*, should she thy praise Proclaim,
And give thee, what thou giv'st our *Cambridge*, Fame.

A manly Beauty is in *Devonshire* seen,
And something noble shines thro' *Dorsets* mien.
But here great Artist, is thy Skill confin'd,
Thou can'st not Paint his nobler Muse and Mind.

Next let young *Burlington* receive his place,
Adorn'd with every Beauty, every Grace.
Happy in Fortune, Person, and in Parts,
Himself not wanting them, promoting Arts.
With him let *Kingston* be for ever joyn'd,
Alike in Quality, alike in Mind ;
For Court or Camp, for Love or Glory fit,
Possessing both, both patronizing Wit.

Hither let *Mountague* the Treasures bring,
Which while he offers, let his Muses Sing :
The Patron of the rest, so justly grown,
Who serv'd so well, a Nation with his own.

Draw *Russell* yonder, order'd to maintain
The Power, and Honour of the British Main.
Wrap him in curling Smoke, and circling Flames ;
Yet unconcern'd, as on his Sovereign's *Thames*.
While his loud Thunder rattles thro' the deep,
Make Seas attention give, and silence keep.
Then as he coasts the Mauritanian Shores,
Paint pail the Faces of th' astonish'd Moor's.
Whence *England* gives surrounding Nations Law,
And from the centre keeps the World in awe.

No more let Poets name inconstant Seas,
For *Neptune* knows his Sovereign, and obeys.

Fled

Fled from that fatal Field, the watry Plain,
No Foe dares venture there our Force again.

Fierce *Gallia* Challenges to *Belgian* Fields;
But still their chosen Plain small Harvest yields.
The Warlike *Cuts*, the welcom tidings brings,
The true brave Servant of the best of Kings.
Cuts whose known worth no Herald need Proclaim
His Wounds; and his own Verse can speak his Fame.
The dreadful News, move *William* with delight,
Gladly He hears, and gladly hails to Fight:
Leaving His faithful Substitutes behind,
He trusts Himself to His own Seas and Wind.
The Royal Fleet a Thousand Heroes grace,
And *Mars* in Triumph rides o're *Neptune's* Face.
Now out of view of Land, they Plow the Main,
And in some rolling Tides make Land again.
Now sight of hostile Tents their valour warms,
And each encourages his Mate to Arms.
Fancy can scarce so swift and eager run,
Their Lines are drawn, and the Camp work is done,
The Word is giv'n, and Battle is begun.

Description of a Battle.

They who have seen an Ocean lash it's shore,
When Billows tumble, and begin to roar:
When from all Quarters, Clouds and Tempests fly,
And from despairing Saylor's hide the Sky.
Such as have seen those Elements at War,
May guess, what well-disputed Battles are.

Hark! 'tis at hand, Drums beat and Trumpets found,
The Horsemen mount, the mounted Horses bound,
The Soldiers leap transported from the ground.

When

The Court of England.

5

When such harmonious sounds invite to Arms,
'Tis sure, that vallant men feel secret Charms,
Such *William's* is, when from His foaming Horse,
He views the Foe, rejoyceing at their force.
Never so full of Spirit and delight,
Never so pleas'd as when prepar'd to fight.
Paint Him then yonder spurring from afar,
Giving the charge, guiding the raging War.
Paint to the Field, Party on Party sent,
Himself not waiting for the vast event.
Now mingled in the War, engage the whole,
And of His Martial Troops make Him the Soul.

Now from all parts, Death and Destruction fly,
The cries of grapling Squadrons rend the Sky,
Mars rages, and the rolling War runs high. }
Here Horses rare at Horses, Chest to Chest,
There desp'rate men encounters Breast to Breast.
Here trampled under foot sad Soldiers groan,
For help they call, but with unpityed moan, }
For every one now minds himself alone.
The Cannons roar, and flaming Balls fly round,
Men fall and dye, and hardly feel the wound :
Stones, from the ground that nourish'd them, are toss'd,
And all the fashion of the Field is lost.
Mortars shoot flaming Meteors thro' the Air, }
And such as have not seen them fly, would fear
The Stars dissolv'd, and the last Judgment near.
Death thro' the broken Battle makes a Lane,
And horreur and confusion fill the Plain.
Horses in troops without their riders run,
Wild, as were those of old that drew the Sun :
Madly they drag their reins, and champ their Bit,
And bear down all before them whom they meet.

Sol's Off-spring's, and their Master's fate's the same;
All lost like him, in Thunder, Smoak and Flame.

As Seamen fear, yet struggle with a Storm,
The Soldiers start at what themselves perform.
Paint then a fear on every Face; and make
Ev'n *WILLIAM* fear, — but fear for *ORMONDE's* sake.
ORMONDE, who spur'd amidst the thundring War;
But to his Sovereign's sorrow spur'd too far:
Dismounted, make him in his falling great,
Wounded, half dying, yet despising Fate.
Make *WILLIAM* view him with excess of grief,
And strive, but strive in vain to send relief;
Till Heaven inspires his very Foes, to save
A Life, as strangely fortunate as brave.
Who for that Life may to more praise aspire,
Than if the day had been their own intire.

Proud of their Prize, more furious than before,
Make them press on, make *England's* fury more;
Make shatter'd Squadrons rally on the Plain,
And make enrag'd Battallions charge again.
Again make Horses beat the suffering ground,
And tofs with restless Hoofs the dust around.
Again the Rider couch his ready Lance,
And spurring them to warmth, and foam, advance.
Foam, which your Pencil need not owe to chance.
Make sheets of flame from smoaking Culverins fly,
And Clouds of mounting smoak obscure the Sky.
Now paint beneath the dying and the dead,
And deluges of Blood in Battle shed.
O'reflowing *Flanders* in her Waters flood,
And now, let Clouds like Sable Curtains fall,
Protecting those that live, and hiding all.

The Court of England.

Cast, the black vail of night above the Slain,
Covering the purple horror of the plain,
And now, with solid darkness shut the Scene.

As thunder makes the Skies serene and clear,
As Tempests serve to purifie the Air.
On Rain, as Sun-shine, Calms on Storms, attend,
Peace is War's necessary certain end.

Description of the Goddess of Peace, and Her Palace.

Pardon the Muse, if here she cannot hold,
The sight of her own Goddess makes her bold.
She comes; o're Fields of standing Corn she walks,
Not crush'd the tender Ears, nor bent the stalks.
Her march attended with a numerous Train,
Yet with such Discipline that none complain.
Grass springs where e're she goes, the flow'ry Mead
Receives new Flowers, where she vouchsafes to tread.
Her blooming Beauties seeming Earth displays,
The Lover's Mirtle, and the Poet's Bays.
From every touch of her a perfume flows,
The lovely Hyacinth, the blushing Rose,
And spreading Jessamin fresh sweets disclose.
Thick Palaces, as she approaches rise,
And Royal piles amaze beholders eyes;
Built on a sudden, they the sight confound,
And seem to start as from Enchanted ground.
None; this or that, can her apartment call,
For she promiscuously resides in all.
At home in every one, and all she keeps
Silent, but splendor than that of sleeps.

Her spacious Halls with useless Arms, are hung
 With Arrows broken, and with Bows unstrung :
 No murmurs thro' her numerous Train are heard,
 She knows no danger, and her Court no Guard.
 Secure as shades, as Skies unclouded bright,
 As active, yet as noiseless as the light.
 No Widows here, their Husband's deaths deplore,
 None hears the Drum, or thundring Cannons roar,
 Only Love-sighs, which serve to tell her more.
 Plenty, her best lov'd Favourite duly waits,
 And Pleasure enters at her Palace Gates :
 Roses and Myrtles mingl'd, make her bed,
 And heaps of Flowers support her sacred head.
 Inspir'd by her, the Muse around her sings,
 And Cupids fan her with expanded wings :
 No grief or anxious cares, her peace molest,
 She folds her Arms above her quiet Breast,
 Delightful are her Dreams, and soft her rest.
 All at her rise their adoration pay,
 The Persians worship less the springing day.
 Sweet is her temper, easie is her mien,
 Not the least frown in all her aspect seen,
 But gracious as our late lamented Queen,
 Nor are her blessings to her Court confin'd,
 But flow thro' Nobles to the Lab'ring kind.
 All they can wish her own Domesticks share,
 Bestowing still, yet has she still to spare.
 The grateful Soyl, the jocund Peasants Plow,
 And with a certainty of Reaping, Sow :
 Not now, as heretofore with fears perplex'd,
 Tilling these Fields, and Armies in the next.
 Now Spring comes on — — — — —
 And night and day in equal measures run,
 And mounting Larks salute the morning Sun.

Then

The Court of England.

Then ripening Fruits the load'ned Trees adorn,
And laughing Fields are Crown'd with lofty Corn.
The Summer so accusom'd to alarms,
Wonders, she hears no more the sound of Arms.
No Trumpets echo thro' the spacious Plain,
Nor Earth-born Brethren by themselves are slain.
The Sun shines freely thro' the flow'ry Field,
And suffers no reflection from the Shield.
Men to the date of Nature draw their breath,
For nothing now but Sickness causes death.
Secure the Merchants trade abroad for gain,
And Sailors unmolested sweep the Main.
Unrowling waves steal softly to the shore,
They know their Sovereign, and they fear to roar.
The conscious Winds within their caverns keep,
Like them the Seas are hush'd, and seem asleep,
And *Hatzen* peace broods o're the boundless deep.

How are these Blessings thus dispenc'd, and giv'n
To us from *WILLIAM*, and to him from Heav'n:
Delight in blood, let other Hero's boast,
Our ease and safety please our Monarch most:
For that he fought, for that was all his care,
He places all his Pomp and Glory there.
Hail! peace of all things in confusion hurl'd,
Hail! thou restorer of the Christian World:
Thou to the World art Heav'n's chief Blessing giv'n,
And thou hast rendred back the World to Heav'n:
Thus in old times, at our blest Saviour's Birth,
An universal calm was known on Earth:
God to his Son, and the first Gift assign,
And let's the second Miracle be thine.

How shall we thank thee for thy Royal soyl,
Thou strength and glory of the British Isle.

What

What Trophies shall thy grateful Subjects raise:
 And what ambitious Poets sing thy praise:
 Thy greatness surely is the State's design,
 Thy hands our noblest Palaces refine,
 On all our Metals, all the stamp is thine.
 Draw his Triumphant entry, *Daily*, draw
 Him, and his Allies free —————
 And all the rest of the whole world in awe.

But see, all peaceable our Hero comes,
 No sound of Trumpet, nor alarm of Drums:
 Long kept from rest, by no inglorious Foes,
 He goes to take what he has brought, repose.
 His foster Triumph then prepare to grace,
 Prepare a train fit to attend on Peace:
 Choose them from all that breathe the British air,
 And like the Goddess whom they wait on, fair.
 Make beautiful *GRAFTON*, with the first advance,
 Charming at every step, with every glance;
 Sweet as her temper, paint her heavenly Face,
 Draw her but like, you give your piece a grace:
 Blend for her all the Beauties e're you knew,
 For so his *Venus* fam'd *Appelles* drew.
 But hold: to make her most divinely fair,
 Consult her self, you'll find all Beauty there.

Whom shall we think on now? There's scarce beside
 Any, that should be seen with her, but *HIDE*.
HIDE, who like her has Beauties without blame;
HIDE, who like her is every Poet's Theme.
HIDE, by all eyes admir'd, all hearts ador'd,
 Courteous to all, kind only to her Lord.
HIDE, who so many powerful charms commands,
 As will not shame the piece where *GRAFTON* stands.

And now, to make thy lasting fame renowned,
 Let all be with Illustration *GRAND* Crowned.

The Court of England.

FI

Summ all in her that's fair, and good and great,
Place her in Beauties, and in Vertues Seat.
Print sweetness in her Eyes, at once and aw,
And make her looks give Languishing and Law.
O! if my Muse to her wish'd height and climb,
Sweet as her Subject, as her Theme, sublime.
The noble *ORMONDE* should engross her praise,
Great *ORMONDE*'s name should sanctifie her layes.
Her's and her most Illustrious Hero's Blood,
Take pleasure still, like Heav'n in doing good.
ORMONDE, to whom fair Lots on Earth are giv'n;
ORMONDE, who has her Seat reserv'd in Heav'n.

Stop here; tho' others may attract the Eye,
They will but seem as shades, while these are by.
And now you've finish'd so renown'd a piece,
Boast safely; challenge either *Rome*; or *Greece*.

F I N I S.
